WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1885.

The Unhappy Gobbler. When the fat Thanksgiving turkey's not a gobbling—not a gobbling:
And the batcher's just a-looking 'round for fun—round for fun,
And the dinner guests for sweetmeats are a rquabbling—are a rquabbling,
Then a turkey's life is not a happy one—happy one.
When the dox star's shining high above his brother—'beve his brother,
And the hungry newsboy grasps the sugared bun—sugared bun,
Taking one consideration with another—with another,
A turkey's lot is not a happy one

A turkey's lot is not a happy one. BAB'S TURKEY.

A Thunksgiving Story. "Barbara! Barbara Frick!" Mrs. Pottingill's voice rang out sharp and shrill on the summer air, far above the hum of crickets and grasshoppers in the grass; and the little pink sunbonnet

"Yes, Mrs. Pettingill," and the own-or of the sunbounet quickly retraced her steps to the farm gate, where stood the tall, rather gaunt woman with the sharp voice.

lown the road came to a sudden stand-

still. "Barbara, come back here s

"The young turkeys have all wand-ered off into the woods yonder," she said," "and a shower is coming up fast. Would you mind driving 'om up for me, Bab? I've just got my baking in the oven. The men folks are all down in the lower meadow, and the young brood will surely be killed if

they get wet."
Barbara glanced doubtf lly from the heavy cloud rising in the "est to the woman's auxious face, and then, being a good-natured girl, said:

"I think it will rain in ten minutes, Mrs. Pettingill, but I'll do the best I

"That's a good child! Be spry and I'll give you a loaf of fresh bread and a pail of milk to take home to your mother.

So, thus encouraged, Barbara set forth across the plowed field, where the wheat and corn were sending up tender green shoots, until she reached the little tract of woodland back of the

nothing was to be seen of the truant turkeys; and the thunder now o rumble overhead and flasues d lightning to play about the

for she had great dread of a thunderstorm. To can um afraid it will rain be-

a low, mournful "peop! e her look round. futtering in the long grass ld, tumble-down rail fence, nearer she found it was one turkeys, that, in attempteze between the bars, had and was struggling in vain

or little dot!" she cried, o you here? and where have or and brothers all wandered

at the turkey only answered with and little "peep! peep!" and help through the narrow space, Bared the wee, downy thing ino lier apron, and stumbled on through the underbrush, where she felt sure that the speckled hen and her turkey children must have hidden themselves. "Dear me!" cried Barbara, in dismay, "they will never get over such a wetting as this. And what will Mrs. Pettingill say?"

And she was half afraid to meet the farmer's wife, to whom the promising young had meant a new black sill dress at Thanksgiving.

And Mrs. Pettingill was angry enough when Barbara drove the disconsolate-looking brood into the farm yard, and exclaimed in temper:

"It is all your fault, Bab, for not having sense enough to look in the old pasture first" (for angry people are apt to be unreasonable). "They are apt to be unreasonable). They are sure to pine away and die now, so I shan bother with em any more. You needn whave troubled yourself to take care of that one forlorn little thing, for one isn't worth raising.'

"Then take it home, Bab, and see what you can do with it," said goodnatured Farmer Pettingill, who came in in time to hear his wife's words. "Never mind Nancy; accidents will happen, you know, and if these die we can set the old brown hen, and have To which Mrs. Pettingill only tossed

her head, muttering: "Late turkeys never do amount to anything, and these would have been all right now if I had gone after 'em myself and not sent a careless chit like that," with such a scathing glance at Barbara that she was glad to beat a hasty retreat without either the promised broad or a pail of milk, and she walked slowly homeward with tears in her brown eyes and the baby turkey

still rolled up in her apron. The Widow Frick, with her son Hans and daughter Barbara, or Bab, as she was usually called, lived in a rickety little cottage at the foot of Long Hill where everything was shabby enough but clean and neat as a new pin; although the poor woman had often a hard time to provide food and clothing for her little family, especially since an attack of malaria in the spring had left

her very weak and miserable. "Hallo, Bab! what have you got there?" called Hans, from the doorstep, as his sister entered the gate; "and you look as solemn as old black "ater's horned owl."

"I guess you would look soleron, and cross, too, if you had chased over three rough fields, torn your clothes, scratched your hands, and been cooped up in a hollow old tree during a terrific thunder-storm, and then, after all only get a scolding for your pains," retorted Bab, thus giving vent to her

wounded feelings,
"Poor Babble-de-bab! Did you bring home the scolding in your apron? laughed Hans.
"No, indeed! I was glad enough to

leave it behind me. This is a poor

And Bab produced the wee, tremb ling bird.
"Where did you get it?" asked Mrs.
Frick, appearing in the doorway.
And, sitting down, Barbara related her morning's adventure at the Pettin-

"But the turkey won't live," said Hans, when she had finished.

are the hardest things in the world to raise."
"I shall try, anyway," said Bab, gently smoothing the soft, yellow

And she make the little fellow coop in one corner of the yard, and fed and tended him with such care throughout the summer, that, contrary to all expectations, he lived and thrived, and grew into as fine a turkey gobbler as any one would wish to see. Mrs. Pettingill's, however, fulfilled her prediction, took cold, and dwind-led away, until not one was left of all

Bab named her bird Christopher Columbus, because he was such an explor-er, always diving into odd and unex-

Now he tried the cupboard, next investigated the oven, while, a moment later, he was foraging among the cab-bages, and once almost singed his bill poking it into a pan of hot ashes. He was devoted to his little mistress,

and hopped after her, up and down stairs, and around the garden, and, like Mary's lamb, even "followed her to school one day."

"He is the dearest, sweetest pet that ever lives!" Bab would exclaim, hugging Christopher around the neck, and showering his head with kisses. "And did you ever see more lovely feathers -all green and blue and gold?'

At which he would spread his tail, swell out his throat, and strut around as though he know he was being ad-

"Your one turkey beats mine all hollow," said Farmer Pettingill one mel low October day, stopping to lean over the fence and chat with Bab. "Although the brown hen has replaced Speckle's brood, I have none as big or fat. He will bring a nice little sum at

Thanksgiving."
"What! Soll Christopher Columbus? Never!" And Bab's eyes flashed indig-nantly at the idea. "My darling pet shall never be roasted and eaten, but

die of old age, like a respectable bird."
"Why, the money he would bring would get you no end of ribbons and continued the farmer, teasing-"And girls love finery more than

anything I know."
"I would rather go in rags, and keep Christopher Columbus," said Bab Christopher Columbus," said Bab, firmly, picking a caterpillar off a cabbage, and presenting it to the turkey, who made way with the dainty morse Mr. Pettingill laughed hearing, and

passed on; but he thought: "She is a spicy little thing. I wish

she was my daughter. How she would brighten up the old homestead!" The cold weather came very early that year, and the first part of November Mrs. Frick had a severe attack of her old complaint, and was unable to

leave her bed. It was hard lines, then, for Hans and Bab; for though they stayed home from school, and worked all the odd jobs they could get, they daily saw their

and less. The doctor looked grave when he was finally called in, but said he thought rest and good nourishing food would do a great deal for Mrs. Frick, and, above all, she must have a certain

tonic, which he mentioned. "It is expensive-three dollars a bottle," he said, at parting, as he buttoned up his heavy fur coat, "but it has worked wonderful cures in these ma-

larial cases, and I am sure is just what she needs. And he nodded "good-day"

Hans and Barbara gazing at each other

in dismay. "Oh, brother! what shall we do?" am not to be paid for the socks 1 am knitting until they are finished, while broth of, and as for wine for the mother, that is out of the question."

"I don't know," said Hans, sadly, going to the window, and looking out into the little garden, where Christopher Columbus was marching up and down, making deep tracks in the pure white snow. "I wish I did."

Bab was crying softly, the big tears running down her cheeks, and dropping into the bean soup she was taking from the fire, when Haus suddenly remarkedi

"Bab, do you know it only wants three days to Thanksgiving?" "Yes; but we need not trouble our-

selves about our Thanksgiving dinner. It will be only bread and beans, as usual. The other vegetables must be saved for mother."

"Bab, Christopher is very big and fat—almost the biggest turkey I ever

"What do you mean?" orled Barba-ra, stopping in the middle of the floor, auco-pan in hand. Hans turned very red, and he did not look at his sister, but stammered:

"Ah, Bab, we can't let the mother And then he ran out of the room and the house, slamming the door after

Bab set down the iron vessel, dropped into a chair, and covered her face with her hands, and she never moved until her mother called her from the adjoining bed-room, when she answered the summons with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, but a new look of determination about her rosy

She found Mrs. Frick feeling much worse, and was busy with her until Hans came back to dinner. Barbara could not eat, but a loud "gobble gobble!" outside told that Caristopher was hungry, and she carried out her share of the ment for him. She watched him enjoy it until the last bean had disappeared, but, as she picked up the

empty dish, orled:

"Oh, Chris, Chris! dear Chris! I'm afraid you will have to go, after all."

And, throwing her arms around the bird's slender neck, she sobbed as though her heart would break.

The turkey pecked at her cheek af-fectionately, and tried to follow her indoors, but she shut him out, and going straight to her brother, said:

'Hans, you may take Christopher to Farmer Pottingill to-night and ask him poultry to-morrow;" at which Hans nodded assent, but did not venture to It is a matter of reproach to our soutter a single word.

So it happened that the good farmer was surprised that night by the appearance of a sturdy boy bearing a huge turkey that angrily resented such treatment, and secatched and kicked as though he knew it was for his life. It was a sad story that Hans had to rolate, and Mr. Pettingill blow his nose and sild, "Poor little girl, poor little girl," several times during the recital, though his better-half, from the depths of the pantry muttered:

"Just like poor folks! They never But he poor looks! They never save up anything for a rainy day."

But he promised to dispose of the poor "explorer," who, with his glory all departed, now lay helplessly tied by the legs, and to bring from town the required medicine for the invalid. and the lad was sent home laden with a sack of meal and a fine basket of apples from the farm.

The next two days were very sad ones to Bab. She missed her pet everywhere, and was constantly baunted by visions of Christopher, divested of his royal plumage, and served up, brown and smoking, to grace some Thanksgiving fe st.

She picked up a few little feathers in the yard and watered them with her tears as she laid them carefully away in a box that contained her treasures. But she was somewhat consoled by the good the tonic seemed to do her mother, almost immediately, and was grateful for the extra two dollars Farmer Pettingill slipped into her hand. the price of poor Christopher Colum-

bus.

Thanksgiving morning dawed clear and cold, and the church bells rang out clear and sweet on the frosty air, bidding the good people from far and near come and join in the great Harvest Home Festival.

Merry family parties dashed in large open sleighs, and young folks in holiday attire trooped down the hill to the quaint old church hidden among the Bab joined the throng, leaving Hans

to take care of their mother, and crept softly into a back seat; but her heart was heavy and her voice was broken when she tried to sing the Thanksgiving hymn.
Farmer Pettingill and his wife stood

on the porch as she came out, the latter resplendent in a new black silk, and the farmer shook Bab's hand heartily, saying:
"Cheer up, fittle one. It may be a
happier Thanksgiving than you think

But the girl only shook her head, and drawing her thin shawl around her, hurried down the path.

"Good cheer, my Babble-de-Bab!" cried Haus, as he threw open the door at her knock. "Just look there!" And Barbara opened her eyes in glad surprise at the feast of good things set forth on the old pine table.

mother growing thinner and paler, and the small supply of silver in the old blue woolen stocking that served them for a bank rapidly waxing less pies, while rosy red apples, nuts and eider all promised a Thanksgiving dinner such as had not been known in the little house for many a long year.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Bab

"The Pettingills brought them on their way to church," said Hans, "and mother feels so much better, she thinks she will come to the table to-day. hurry up and get dinner ready. All was nearly ready, and a delicious, appetizing odor pervading the small kitchen, when suddenly the smile vanished from Bab's face, and rode home to his dinner of roast beef with a look of horror, she turned to and oysters, leaving poor, hard-worked Hans, who was setting the table, and asked earnestly:

"Hans, tell me! Do you think Farmer Pettingill would be so cruel as to asked Bab. "There is only one dollar send us back Christopher Columbus, and a half left in the stocking, and I dead and stuffed?"

It was a dreadful thought, and took both their appetites away. So Mrs. there is nothing in the house to make Frick was quite distressed to see how little they seemed to care for the unwonted good things. "No turkey, Bab!" she exclaimed.

"Why, how is that?" as the girl shook her head and pushed aside her plate. "It would choke me," sobbed Barbara; "for it may-it may be Chris."

At that moment, however, a peculiar sound without brought them all to their feet. "What's that?" cried Bab, turning

pale. sounds remarkably familiar. said Hans, as a loud gobble! gobble! fell on their cars, and made a dash for the window, where he saw something that caused him to dance for joy, as he shouted: "Oh, Bab! Bab! as sure as you're alive, here is old Christopher Columbus, as big and saucy as ever,

begging to come in."
Need I say that he had not to beg long, but in another instant was in the middle of the room, with the whole family laughing and crying over him in a perfect cestacy of delight, while he rubbed his head against their cheeks, and scemed equally as pleased to be at home once more.

Round the turkey's neck was tied a note. addressed to Miss Barbara Frick, which she read aloud:

Denr Bab—Ploase accept this Thanksgiving turkey in place of the bread and milk I failed to give you last summer, and I ask your pardon for all I may have said on that day; but I was awful mad at the loss of the brood. Yours respectfully.

NANCY PETTINGILL.

"That is just like her," laughed Mrs. Frick, "rough and impulsive, but kindhearted under it all." "I am so sorry I ever called her a cross old thing," said Bab; "for, oh, Chris! this pays for everything, and you are the very best Thanksgiving gift I could have had."

So the dinner was a success after all, and Mrs. Frick had now no reason to complain of her children's appetites, while Christopher Columbus behaved like a cannibal, picking the bones of his unfortunate fellow turkey with the greatest zest, and Thanksgiving joy and cheer reigned in the little cottage under the hill .- Agnes Carr Sage.

A step toward abolishing the high hat nuisance at the theatre has just been taken by the management of a Vienna play house, which orders that all female patronizers must either wear low head-gear or forego the pleasure of attendance at the verformances.

It is a matter of reproach to our social scientists that the habits and customs of the joke have received so little attention. It is an error of the vulgar to suppose that a joke is a literary meteor that flashes across the intellectual sky for a moment and then disappears forever. Even trained observers have been deceived into expressing much forever. Even trained observers have been deceived into expressing much the same opinion; and a celebrated scientist, whose services to mankind justify us in concealing his name in connection with the charge, was heard to declare that a joke was "an instance of intellectual aberration unworthy of serious attention." Nothing could be further from the facts. Leaving aside any discussion of the first cause of the joke, which would involve us in the obscurities of metaphysical discussion, we may state boldly that the joke has well-defined habits and peculiarities, and a study of its history and development is well worthy the attention of the foremost minds in science.

It is evident to any observer that the joke may be accurately divided into

joke may be accurately divided into races and nationalities. No one who had paid the slightest attention to the subject could possibly mlatake a Gorman joke for a French joke, or a French joke for a British joke. In fact, they are as plainly marked off from each other as any two breeds of dogs, and each undoubtedly has its different habits. An adequate discussion of the subject can not even be outlined in this column. Nevertheless, as a small contribution to an important subject, we offer the following account of a single member of the large and interesting family known as the American joke:

It is eight months or more since the chestnut joke first saw the light. Its birth is involved in obscurity, in spite of earnest efforts to trace its ancestry. In the early days of its existence in gave no sign of coming greatness. We know the story of the school at Brien-ne, where Bourienne took the prizes over Napoleon; Bourienne is now remembered not as the "prize boy," but as Nepoleon's secretary. In a like manner the tin-pan joke or the nigger-baby joke of even date with the chestnut seemed surer of fame. At the time the chestnut appeared the paint-thetown-red joke was at the height of its tame. Its monthly appearance in Jan-uary was twenty-six thousand seven hundred and forty-six, which is surpassed only by its unprecedented November record of thirty-eight thousand nine hundred, due to the local disturbing cause of a Democratic victory that month at the polls. For the same month the chestnut appeared in public but a beggarly one hundred and eleven times. Previous to that date it was so insignificant as not to seen worthy of record. Starting from this point, we see the gradual rise of the chesnut and the corresponding decline of paint-the-town-red. In February the chestnut appeared twelve hundred and fortyfour times, and the paint-the-town-red appeared twenty-five thousand nine hundred and fourteen times. This does not necessarily indicate any falling off in the popularity of the latter, for the ect of hard times was most severely felt that month, the total output of jokes being six per cent under that of January; but the increase of the chestnut joke under such unfavorable circumstances is truly significant. The following month paint-the-town-red nearly held its own, appearing twentyfive thousand seven hundred and nineteen times, but the chestnut increased to thirty-two hundred. The following month it increased by eleven hundred while the paint-the-town-red declined by nearly the same number. But in the month of May the chestnut leaped at one astonishing bound to fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty ap-

pearances, its only one rival coming down something less than the same It is scarcely necessary to go further into details. The August returns give a total of more than twenty-nine thousand appearances for the chestnut, while its rival is all but as extinct as Mr. Crawford's "dado." The reports for the first half of the present month indicate that the total will fall little if any below that of August, although the return-of-the-summer-Boarder has acted as a disturbing element. We may assume however, from the foregoing figures that the chestnut has reached its full development, and is doomed to a speedy decline. It is dan-gerous to generalize from but two or hree instances, but from the obvious similarity of the careers of the successful American joke, it is almost certain that their existence is determined by fixed and immutable laws. We have not the figures at had to verify this statement, but we pronounce it in all

We may suppose, therefore, that the chestnut must follow the path already trodden by paint-the-town-red and its predecessors, and, after seeing the rise of some successful rival that is even now in the obscure throng, will become extinct in about eight months. Its rise has taken an equal length of time. In spite of a few well-known exceptions where a joke has been able to survive in a toothless, mumbling condition for two or three years, we may safely state that the average life of the suc cessful American joke is sixteen or, at the most, eighteen months. The subject is one of much interest, and should attract some young and enthusiastic social scientist.

"I am a very timid man," writes a subscriber in Ohio. "I am nervous, constitutionally timid; a very coward, in fact. I am ashamed of it, but I can't help it. Now, what profession or occupation can I adopt in the practice of which I will be most perfectly safe from harm or danger?" Go to France, my son; go to France and be a duelist. Or you might remain in America and be a pugilist."—Brooklyn

There'll be a pretty how-de-do among New Jersey lawyers if the courts follow up the precedent established by Vice-Chancellor Bird in his decision that a lawyer who induces a client to give an \$8,000 mortgage for \$975 and then sells it himself for \$4,200 must turn the profit over to the client instead of pocketing it himself. Jersey pettifoggers will fail to see the use of being lawyers if they have to be as honest as other men. -- Allentown (Pa.)

Olvil-Service Examination.

Mr. James Flurewalker, having become tired of machine politics, aspires to a permanent official position under the Federal Government, and having had several years' experience as a sugar expert, he applies for the office of Sugar Inspector in the customs service. In due time he is summoned before the Civil Service Examining Board, Feeling confident of his general intelligence, and of his special qualifications for the position, he presents himself for examination, wearing an easy and

benignantsmile.
Mr. Flurewalker rapidly collects his thoughts together and tries to concen-trate all the faculties of his mind in readiness for the first question, which he is a little fearful may be a poser.

THE FIRST QUESTION. "In sailing from Mozambique to the Straits of Malabar, what are the variations in the magnetic needle, and what s the cause of these variations?" Mr. Flurewalker requests a repeti-tion of the question. It is repeated twice—three times—but Mr. F. is too

flurried to reply.

"Porhaps you can tell us where Mozambique is?" says one of the ex-

"Oh, yes! Of course. Why, it is off to the eastward somowhere—an archipelago or a peninsula, or something. It is somewhere near Mesopo tamia.

"That will do, sir." "What is the rule in Shelly's case?" "Eh! in Shelly's case?"

"Well, I suppose it's the same rule as with any other man. If he is squarely elected, count him in. I never heard that Shelly had any par-

"That will do, sir."

THIRD QUESTION. "Describe the process of germination a a seed."

"In a seed?" "Yes, sir." "The process of what?"

"Germination." "Oh! The progress of the German nation! Well, since the battle of Koeniggratz and the war with France

"That will do." "What is meant by the precession of the equinoxes?"

"The equinoxes?" "Yos. "The procession of the equinoxes?"

there-

"No! the precession of the equi noxes.' "Never heard of it. What does i relate to?"

"Cosmogony." "Well, astronomy." "O! I see now, gentlemen; you must have made a mistake. I sem not an applicant for an astronomical position. I only want to be a sugar inspector."

"That will do, sir. We are quite aware of that. Now pay attention and

answer our questions. EIFTH QUESTION. "Explain the relation of the molecular theory to the nebular hypothesis.' "No, I thank you, I had rather not. Perhaps you had better put some of stamp '4—doler,' and underneath the your civil-service questions to the words 'Silf mynt' (silver money), and President and some of his Cabinet.

When they pass I will call around again. "Sir, you may go." And Mr. Flurewalker goes-yes, he goes back to machine politics. - N. Y.

Telegram. She Took off her Hat.

Clara Louise Kellogg has given en tertainment enough to audiences, one would suppose, writes a New York correspondent, to have earned the fight to enjoy herself as an auditor when she chooses. But I sat next to her in a theater the other evening when two fellows directly behind her would not let her have a good time. She was handsomely dressed, and on her head was one of those towering hats that are now in high favor, except with those whose view of a performance is by them obscured, and to this class of

rear of Miss Kellogg. "I say, J u," one remarked, in thrilling whisper, "did you ever try to mark the height of astovepipe hat from the floor up the side of a room by estimate? Yes? Then you made it as high as a flower-barrel, likely. Now, I'll bet you the drinks that this millinery construction is a silk hat and a half tall; and I'll hold mine up for a

measurement.' The wager was made, the hat was uplifted for comparison, and it was settled without dispute that the heights from brim to crown were exactly the same. A glance around the theater showed that the same surprising fact was realized on dozens of women's heads. But the bet was not so readily decided, for from Miss. Kellogg's has uprose two feathers six or eight inches further, and the wagerers could not agree waether they were to be considered as part of the structure itself. The prima donna-grew fidgety in hearing the dialogue, and her color reddene

considerably. "Do you remember," said one of he tormentors, after an interval of silen endeavor to see past the constantly shifting obstruction to what was going on in the stage show, "an apparatus that Heller used to exhibit for looking through a brick? There was an arrange ment of little mirrors, so that althoug the brick was right in the range of vision, solid and opaque, you could clearly see what was directly on the other side." "Well, what of it?" responded th

other. "Oh, nothing: only I was thinking that the contrivance could make goo trimming for ladies' hats this season. There was such an outburst of laughter from all of us within hearing

that the stage-performers must have thought that they had made a phe nomenal hit in exclusively one spot; and then Miss. Kellogg, smiling but orimson, removed her hat, and sat during the rest of the evening bare-headed, after the foreign fashion.

"Robinson Crusoe's gun and sea chest" were shown in downright earnest to an amused tonrist, in Fifeshire,

Curious Coins. "What is that curious-looking cop-per picce?" asked a reporter of a deal-

er in old coins. "That is the Roman Ass. a coin which was in use in Rome about 2,200 years ago. It is an original; it could not be spurious, and for the reason that though the coin itself, so far as its outward shape is concerned, might be counterfelted, it would be impossible counterfelted, it would be impossible to imitate the red patins, or coating, upon it. You see, this coin has two coatings of colored matter—one green and the other red. Well, the green can be imitated by modern ingenuity, but the red stuff can not be put upon counterfelt coins by any process at present known to the world. "Where do you get those ancient coins that were in use so many years ago? Where are they found?"

ago? Where are they found?"
"Well, you see, people in those anclent times did not have banks and

bank vaults to deposit their wealth in for safe-keeping. As you know, the Remans were almost constantly at warrare with others, and those who had money would frequently hide it in the earth or secure it in the walls of their dwellings when they went to the wars. Those who were killed left, quite often, no trace of where their wealth was hidden, and so it remained to be resurrected by some modern relic hunter. A great many ancient coins have been found also in river beds. I think that in many instances they were put into rivers by people who wished to have their history remembered by the coming ages. There have been coins found in the Thames near old London bridge by which we can trace many of the Roman emperors. The fact that they have thus been found in order seems to clearly indicate that they were deposited on purpose by per-sons desirous of perpetuating the names of the rulers. Thus, by these coins of ancient Rome, many things pertaining to that great empire which ruled as mistress of the world are made known to us. . Many things are indelibly impressed upon the mind by glancing at these coins and afterward be-coming interested in the subject. I do not believe there can be a better educator of the history of any country than a collection of its coins. The symbolic devices and inscriptions upon them have a priceless value in fixing upon the mind the great facts and epochs to which they refer. Not only does this apply to ancient coins; it is equally true of modern coins. Here is something that to the thinking man indicates a great social and business revolution in the manner and customs of the people who use it, for here you see a specimen of the largest coin ever

known to be in use anywhere."

The reporter was struck with amazement when informed that the huge square copper platter-like affair was

coin. Proceeding, the dealer said: Yes, it is a Swedish piece and generally weighs from 6 to 7 pounds. one weighs 61 pounds. It is 101 inches wide by 91 inches long, and is a very rare coin. It was made during the reign of Frederick, king of Sweden, in the year 1723. In the center of the piece, inclosed in a circle, you see the in each of the four corners, and in or-der to prevent the coin being clipped. they were stamped with the royal coat

of arms." - Boston Globe. Lord Houghton's Peculiarities.

As a poet it is easy to underrate Lord

Houghton, and it is equally easy to overrate him. With him it was all of life to live, if not all of death to die. To such the richest fountains of poetical inspiration are never opened. It American Parliament." He replied. may be doubted whether any poet of promptly: "Yes, it was up to the behis time, however, more adequately exhis time, however, more adequately ex-pressed what and all of what he felt and wished to say. Persons of doubtful positions and things of a more or less disorderly character had a strange fascination for his muse as they had for himself. He felt as lively a curiosity to know a phenomenally bad man as a phenomenally good one, partly, perhaps, because according to conventionobjectors belonged the chaps at the al standards the latter are the rarer. Nothing human or inhuman lay beyond the range of his curiosity—a peculiarity which I once heard illustrated by the following story. Whether true or not, there is nothing improbable about it. A criminal was to be hung at nine o'clock, the event to be announced to the public by the firing of a gun. Some one at Houghton's breakfast table remarked that it was after nine and the gun had not been fired; the execution, therefore, must have been postponed. "Oh no," promptly replied his sister; "the man has surely been hung, or brother would have had him here at breakfast." Whether from a spirit of Whether from a spirit of generous toleration, or charity, or love of fair play, or sympathy for the weakor party, or a curious taste for the paradoxical, or all these combined, his muse seemed to have been consecrated to the defense of people and conduct that were on the defensive. Though not ranking with the great poets of the world, Lord Houghton long before his death had secured for himself an onduring place among the poets of Eng-land. - Hon. John Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine for November.

## Wanted Elizaboth, Anyway.

Her affections conter upon a doll whose name—the longest her tongue could frame at the time it was bestowed-is Elizaboth. For some misdemeanor of unusual gravity this young lady was sent to bed at an early hour, and in the woe attending the infliction of this punishment she forgot to take with her the cherished Elizabeth to share her couch. Realizing her desolation she summoned her mother by calls from the chamber:

"Mammal I want Elizabeth. Please bring Elizabeth up to me!" This mitigation of the penalty was denied; but the demand was repeated, each refusal being followed by a yet more petulaut request, until finally there came a suggestion of the last re-

sort of maternal discipline: "Nellie, I am afraid I shall have to come up and punish you." Quick came the response, punctuat ed with sobs:

"Well, when you come up, please bring Elizabeth!"- Loston Record.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Willie kissed Susio beneath the rose; The rose was in bud and the corn in the And the tint of rouge on the tip of his nose is a Remained with Willie as Sue veneer.

—Hamilton Spectator.

The very fashiou able young man has ordered a slow yacht, because "it's English, ye know."

We will allow 30 cents apiece for grown hens to parties whose paper has been stopped and are still owing us for it.—Blakely (Ga.) News.

"Does your family play ball?" was asked of a little shaver.
"Me and mother does," he replied: "I bawl, and she makes the base-hits." -Tid-Bits. The Troy Times says that "when a

Massachusetts Postmaster gite a letter addressed to somebody, 'K pan,' he at once chucks it into the mail-bag for Cape Ann."

An old goat in Mississippi recently ate 200 green cucumbers, then broke into a drug store, butted the top off a bottle of castor-oil and swallowed the contents. - The Rambler. The London Medical Times thinks that the treatment of snake bite by putting gunpowder on the wound and

touching it off with a match may be thought rough, but is often successful. Freshman Professor (holding up a written exercise)—"I perceive that this one was copied from outside helps.
The man who handed it in will remain." A half-dozen remained.—Fale

James Gordon Bennett has eight owls over his Newport gate. It takes a good many emblems to properly convoy to the public an idea of all the wisdom of a New York newspaper—St.

Louis Post-Dispatch. A grocer's boy complained to his

employer that he was worked too hard and did not get sufficient rest. "I know, Johnny," admitted the grocer, "that you are kept pretty busy most of the time, but I'll see what can be done. Perhaps when cold weather sets in I'll let you draw molasses once in a while.

Judge-"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with willful murder. Are you guilty or not guilty?" Prisoner— "Judge, what's the use of putting it that way? As you put it, it's a diffi-cult question to decide. S'posen we simplify the matter by goin in for a disagreement of the jury."—Boston

An article in an exchange is headed, "Why President Cleveland Didn't Fish Sunday." We haven't read it, but suppose it was because he spaded up half an acre of ground without find-ing a single worm. We have frequently been in the same aggravating pre-dicament. P. S.—On a week day.— Norristown Herald. "What you want," said the barber.

as he ran his fingers through the few remaining hairs on the head of a cus-tomer; "what you want is a bottle of my hair-restorer. "What I want," replied the custom-

And the barber said no more .-- Bos ton Courier. "If I were you and you were I." she sang vigorously at the plane, and, turning to him, said: "What would you do?" "Well, love," he answered, "judging from your disposition and the color of your hair, I'd say you would take a club and knock me off that piano stool if I didn't stop sing-

ing."-Merchant Traveler. A young Harvard man who was traveling in England this summer was asked by a gentleman in Birmingham was transferred to St. Paul, Minn., in honor of the apostle who converted the Minnesotans."—Boston Courier.

He was standing at the Union Club, corner of Fifth avenue, toying with the five hairs which constituted his right whisker, when a passing cabman hailed him with-

"Hansom, sir?" "Eh! what?" he demanded, starting. "Hansom, sir, hansom," repeated the Jarvey. "Well, what of it?" he said, angrily. "Cawn't a follah show himself in this

blawsted town without having his awappearance commented on?" And he tripped over to Glenham to drown his indignation in a tankard of bittor .- To-Day. Lou is a weo lassie of 4 summers, with a quaint use of English. The in-

termittent tooting of a locomotive caused her to clap her chubby hands to her ears with a funny little frown expressive of disgust. What's the matter, Loup" her mother asked.

"O, I'm fastening out that crooke" The other day she was asked whether she would rather go boat-riding to the island or spend the afternoon with

grandmamma. "I want to go both wheres," was the prompt roply. - Harper's Bazar. A wild specimen of the native Virginian entered Staunton the other day and asked credit for some tobacco and

sugar at a grocery, promising to pay in six weeks "On what do you base your expectations of being able to pay in that time?" asked the grocer. "On coon skins," was the prompt

"But you may not catch any coons." "O, as to that, I've got seventeen of em already plugged up in a holler tree, and am only waiting for the fur

to git prime!" He got the goods .- Wall Street News.

In his "Historical Sketches of the Town of Swampscott" Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, states that about 1835 John M. Ives, of Salem, received two or three marrow squash seeds from a negross, whose husband was a cook upon one of the merchant ships, Cap-tain Lord, from Valparaiso. He also obtained the tomato seed in the same manner as "love apple," and, after growing them a year or two back of his store, he was told by a sea captain that they were catable, and from that time they were used as food.